

THE BOON'S LICK TIMES.

JAMES R. BENSON & CLARK H. GREEN,
Publishers & Proprietors,
And Publishers of the Laws, &c., of the United
States, by authority.

TERMS.

Published every Saturday, at \$3 in advance, or
\$4 at the end of the year. No paper discontinued
but at the option of the editors until all arrears are
paid—and a failure to give notice (before the
end of the year) of a wish to discontinue will be
considered a new engagement.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One dollar per square, of twelve lines or less,
for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for
each subsequent insertion.

For one square twelve months, twenty dollars.
Where the insertion of an advertisement is or-
dered, without the number of insertions being speci-
fied, it will be inserted (at the discretion of the
proprietors) until forbid, and charged for accord-
ingly.

All advertisements from strangers, as well as
all orders for job-work, must be accompanied with
the cash, or a reference to some responsible and
convenient acquaintance.

AUTHORIZED AGENTS.

A. R. OLDHAM, Middle Grove, Monroe co.
JAMES HUGHES, Richmond, Ray co.
JAMES HEAD, Four Mile Prairie, Randolph co.
W. F. SWITZER, Columbia, Boone co.
C. P. BROWN, Platte City, Platte co.
THOMAS JACKMAN, Rocheport, Boone co.
WM. D. MALONE, Huntsville, Randolph co.

From the Louisville Advertiser.

AMERICAN PRISONERS IN MEXICO— NARRATIVE OF MR. F. COMBS, ONE OF THE PRISONERS.

"The expedition, after about six weeks
march, through a country infested, by In-
dians, arrived at the Palo Duro, where be-
ing straightened for food, and having previ-
ously sent their guides in advance, it was
determined to despatch about one third of
the armed force, and two of the commis-
sioners to procure provisions, and prepare
the way for the entrance of the expedition
into the province of Santa Fe. The im-
pression at the time was, that the expedition
had reached within 90 miles of Santa Fe,
in consequence of which belief, the ad-
vanced division took with them only three days
rations. Col. Cook and Bronham were the
commissioners accompanying the advance,
and Capt. Sutton commanded the armed
escort. The remainder of the forces were
left at the Palo Duro, under the command
of Gen. McLeod, surrounded by a vast
number of Indians, who were continually
harrassing them, and who had actually
killed five of them the day before the division
set out upon its march.

The advance force soon learned that the
expedition had made a fearful mistake in
supposing the Palo Duro to be within 90
miles of Santa Fe. The distance was
nearly 300 miles, and as a consequence, the
rations provided for the troops were ex-
hausted before they accomplished a third of
the road to Santa Fe. The division then
resorted to every expedient to escape star-
vation. They first subsisted upon such of
the horses as had broken down, and wild
berries which were occasionally met with
in the prairies. When these resources fail-
ed, they were compelled to live upon snakes
horned frogs, and other reptiles which ab-
ounded in the prairies, and which con-
stituted their principal and for a time, their
only food. After marching in this way
for two weeks or thereabouts, the division
arrived at Gallinas. From this place, Van
Ness, Lewis, Howard and Fitzgerald, ac-
companied by Mr. Kendall, were sent on to
Santa Fe, to hold an interview with the
Governor, explain the pacific objects of the
expedition, obtain stores for the troops,
and permit to bring the merchandise, taken
out by the traders, within the province.

"Two or three hours after these gentle-
men left the camp at Gallinas, a note was
received from Capt. Lewis to the effect that
the country was in arms, but that they
would proceed on their journey to Santa
Fe. They were however, seized shortly
afterward, (as Capt. Lewis stated,) bound
and taken out to be shot, but that their lives
were spared through the intercession of a
Mexican officer, who took them to meet
Governor Armijo. In the mean while the
Governor had despatched a force of several
hundred men to intercept the Texans.—
The commanders of these troops held sev-
eral interviews with the Commissioners,
and endeavored to get the Texans to lay
down their arms by assuring them of the
friendly disposition of the Governor and
the inhabitants. This the Texans would
not do. The Mexican officer undertook to
take care of the few remaining horses of the
Texians, and supply the men with food in
order to allay all apprehension of any hos-
tile purpose. His next step was to cross
the Gallinas with his men, with the avowed
object of camping the two forces together,
as further proof of friendship. This he did
but as he drew near the Texian camp, the
disposition of his lines left little doubt of
his beligerent intentions. The Texians
were immediately got under arms. About
this time also another party crossed the
river, and forming a junction with the first,
banished every lingering doubt of the ob-
jects of the Mexicans, and an engagement
was on the eve of taking place when Capt.
Lewis and the nephew and confidential Sec-
retary of the Governor made their appear-
ance.

"When Lewis and the Governor's ne-
phew came up, a parley was had between
them and the Texians, the troops on both
sides maintaining their battle array. Capt.
Lewis represented the Governor as willing
to receive the Texians on condition they
would lay down their arms in conformity
with a law of Mexico, which made it neces-
sary for an armed force entering the prov-
ince to give up their weapons before reach-
ing San Miguel. He represented himself,
and the nephew and Secretary of the Gov-
ernor as empowered to stipulate for the
surrender of the implements of war, and to
negotiate for the safe conduct of the troops
to the frontier after they had complied with
this stipulation. The Governor had em-
powered them to bind the authorities to la-
bel the property of each individual, supply
food for the march home, and to return to
every man his property. Those represen-

tations were confirmed by the nephew and
Secretary of Governor Armijo, as well as
by the Mexican officers, a number of whom
had joined in the parley.

"The commissioners hesitating to con-
fide in these representations, Capt. Lewis
informed him that the Governor with a well
appointed troop of 3,000 men, was within
12 hours march, and if the Texians, gained
the battle, they would soon be engaged
with a more formidable foe. The Commis-
sioners yet not satisfied, Capt. Lewis
pledged his honor to the truth of all these
statements, swearing upon his Masonic
faith; (both being Masons) to every word of
it.

"Such being the circumstance of the di-
vision, without food, jaded and worn out by
fatiguing marches, in front of a force of
some six hundred men, and expecting the
arrival of 3,000 more, and being especially
ordered by the Texian government to avoid
hostilities if the people were opposed to
them, and not apprised of the capture of
the gentleman dispatched to Santa Fe, and
not suspecting, Lewis to be a traitor, the
Texians laid down their arms upon the
terms of surrender proposed. Food was
then furnished the troops and they were
treated with some leniency until the next
day when the Governor arrived with about
15,000 men, a force sufficient to make him
secure in his barbarity; they were seized and
bound, six and eight together, with hair
ropes and thongs of raw hide, and put in
a filthy sheep fold, surrounded by a large
armed guard. The Mexican officers then
excited the Peons to the highest degree of
phrenzy, by the accounts they gave of the
Texians, and we were prevented from being
slaughtered by being huddled together in a
small yard enclosed by a mud wall, and de-
fended by the regular troops. In this place
we were kept all night, lying in heaps, one
upon another, and suffering the most intense
agony from the closeness of the confinement
and the pressure of the ropes with
which we were bound, and in full hearing
of the disputes in the council called by the
Governor to deliberate upon our destiny,
which decided about day-break, by a single
vote, that we should not be shot but march-
ed for Mexico.

"At sunrise we had to take up our march
for the city of Mexico, about 2,000 miles
distant—the soldiers telling us that we
were going to the mines. Bound six and
eight together, we were forced to travel,
the three first days about thirty miles each,
without food, and even denied the privilege
of drinking when we were wading the
small streams, through which we were
marched. We were stripped of hat, shoes,
blankets and coats. The Governor him-
self took from me my blanket and buffalo
robe, cursing and striking the prisoners and
raving like a madman; because (as we heard)
his wish to have us shot had been overruled
in council. I was obliged to give my shirt,
in the extremity of my distress, for a loaf
of bread, and swapped a tolerable good
pair of pantaloons for a ragged pair upon
receiving a mouthful or two to eat in the
exchange. When we arrived at the Rio
del Norte, I had parted with every thing but
my tattered trousers, vest and suspenders,
every thing else having been disposed of
for bread, or robbed from me by the sol-
diers. Nor were the other prisoners in a
better condition. The weather was then
cold and we were nigh perishing in our na-
kedness.

"After a few days march, it was found im-
practicable for us to get on with any speed,
bound together in such numbers. We were
then tied two together, and to each pair
there was a rope tied about the waist, neck
or arms, and fastened to the pommel of the
saddle of the horses on which the guard
was mounted. The soldiers would occa-
sionally put their horses in a gallop to tor-
ture those fastened to them, and whenever
any of us fell down or lagged behind, we
were dragged upon the ground and beaten
with thongs, sticks, or whatever else was
at hand.

The principal, indeed almost all, the food
we received, during the route, was furnish-
ed us by the women, who would follow us
in large numbers, for miles, weeping at the
cruelties to which we were subjected. They
would not be allowed, sometimes, the dis-
charge of their offices of charity—the sol-
diers beating them off and reviling them
with obscene and abusive language. We
were marched, at times, all night and all
day, blinded by sand and parched with thirst
till our tongues were so swollen as almost
to be incapable of speaking.

In this manner, we were hurried on to the
City of Mexico, which we reached to-
wards the close of December. But I must
here pause, to do justice to one of the cap-
tains of the Mexican army, who had charge
of us for about five days of the journey,
who treated us with kindness, and furnished
us with money out of his own pocket. He
respected us as prisoners of war, and I re-
member that I cannot recall his name. He
was the only officer who seemed to regard
us as human beings, during the whole of
our long march. The foreigners, also, in
Chihuahua and Zacatecas, raised a contribu-
tion for us, which gave us a temporary relief.

After we were taken prisoners, we
learned that Howland, Rosenberry and Ba-
ker, the guides we took with us from Tex-
as, and who had been sent on before the
division left the Palo Duro, had been taken
and shot, as well as an American merchant,
named Rowland, who had gone their secu-
rity when they were taken up, upon the in-
formation of one Brignole, a deserter from
the expedition. Of these transactions,
however, I can only speak from hearsay. A
number of other outrages were reported to
have been perpetrated upon American citi-
zens; no doubt correctly reported.

When we arrived at Mexico, we were
covered with filth and vermin. We there-
met an order from Santa Anna, to be chain-
ed with heavy iron. We were lodged in
the Convent Santiago, about two miles from
the Palace; confined in a room over the
Cemetery, and the effluvia from the dead
bodies beneath was offensive in the ex-
treme.

Upon my arrival, I wrote to our Minis-
ter, Mr. Ellis, informing him of my situa-
tion, and of my being a citizen of the United
States, and stated the fact of my having
gone with the expedition only as a guest of
the Commissioners, which circumstance was
corroborated, in writing, by Messrs.
Cooke and Brenham, two of the Commis-
sioners, then prisoners with us.

The prisoners were, upon the order of
Santa Anna, waked up and chained two
and two together and marched to the Pal-
ace, at midnight. When they arrived there,
the Dictator was asleep; the prisoners
were kept in the public square for some
time, for the gratification of the rabble, and
then marched back, no one daring to dis-
turb the slumbers of the Tyrant. I was
not then put in chains in consequence of
my illness. Those prisoners who were able
to do so, were subsequently made to work
upon the streets of the Capitol.

"About three weeks after we reached
Mexico, two of the prisoners made their es-
cape. This incensed Santa Anna to such a
degree, that he ordered the whole of us, the
lame and sick included, to be chained and
made to work with the rest. I was myself
taken out of bed and chained with a heavy
log-chain about my ankles and made to
work in the streets—this, too, after I had
been demanded as a citizen of the United
States, by our Minister, Mr. Ellis. I was
kept in chains about two weeks, and ill as I
was, compelled to sleep and work in them,
having thereby nearly lost my hearing,
when I was sent for by Santa Anna.

The Dictator asked me a variety of ques-
tions about myself, my parents, the objects
of the expedition and other matters. After
I was in his presence about fifteen minutes,
the chains were taken off me by a black-
smith. Santa Anna then said, that in con-
sequence of my youth, the capacity in
which I accompanied the expedition, and
my being the son of a general, I was at lib-
erty, and might go home. During the in-
terview, Santa Anna did not once mention
the name of our Minister, Mr. Ellis, as
having demanded me; and I gathered from
what I heard and saw, that my liberation
could not be traced to the energy of our
representative in Mexico, or the dread of
the Dictator of the resentment of my Gov-
ernment.

Before my release, I ascertained from our
secretary of legation, that Mr. Ellis had
called several times upon Santa Anna, but
was refused an audience. To my inquiry,
if this was the manner in which the rep-
resentative of the United States allowed him-
self to be treated, he answered there was
no help for it. Mr. Ellis subsequently ad-
dressed a note to Santa Anna, but what ef-
fect it had I know not; it can be imagined
from the refusal of an audience upon three
several occasions. Whilst I was in prison,
I neither saw Mr. Ellis nor received any
word of reply to my letters to him. The
secretary gave for an excuse for this negli-
gence, as I deemed it, that it was not be-
coming the dignity of a Minister to corre-
spond with a prisoner.

After my release, Mr. Ellis treated me
with attention and politeness, and I have to
thank him for the loan of money to bring
me home. Whilst sick, in prison, Mr. Black
sent me bedding, the foreigners sent me
some necessities, and Mr. Lumsden loaned
me some money.

Amongst the persons who accompanied the
expedition, was one Mr. Faulkner, a
British subject, who joined with Mr. Ken-
dall and myself under the same circum-
stances, except that he did not have a pass-
port, which Mr. Kendall had procured be-
fore he left New Orleans, from the Mexican
consulate here. Mr. Packenham, the British
Minister, informed me that Mr. Faulk-
ner would be demanded the moment he
reached the city at whatever hour in the
night or day that event would take place.
I delivered a package to the British Consul
of this city, Mr. Crawford, in which there
was a note from Mr. Packenham, stating
that orders had been obtained for Mr. Faulk-
ner's immediate release, although he had
not reached the city of Mexico at the date
of the note.

The remainder of the expedition, under
Gen. McLeod was expected to arrive in
Mexico two days after I left the city. I
heard they had suffered very much from bad
weather, ill treatment, &c., &c.; and that
to sum up their troubles, the Small Pox had
made its appearance amongst them, and
they reported that about fifty had already
perished, or had been left on the road,
through its ravages and the cruelty of their
captors.

I have omitted to state, in its proper
place, that upon my release the Dictator or-
dered his state coach to convey me in my
rags to look at the city, and thence in com-
pany with Gen. Barragan to the office of
Mr. Ellis. Several of the higher Mexican
officers in the city, especially Barragan, ex-
pressed sympathy for me and treated me
kindly.

My warmest gratitude is due to the A-
merican Consul, at Mexico, (Mr. Black),
for his constant kindness and attention to
me whilst sick and in chains, as well as af-
ter my release.

FRANKLIN COMBS.

The Intelligencer says that the recent
Slavery decision in the Supreme Court will
be published immediately, with the argu-
ments of the Counsel.

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1842.

No. 3.

TO A LITTLE GIRL AT HER MUSIC LESSON.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

"I can't keep time!" ah, silly elf!
That lesson thou wilt learn
In sadness and despair, ere Time
Keeps thee within his urn.

"I can't keep time!" Nor can the gay
And laughing sons of earth,
Who light their passage to the tomb
With song and joyous mirth.

The great—the wise—the proud—could they
"Keep time," right glad were they;
But fleeting years have taught how swift
Time flies away, away!

And thou, thy little fingers plying,
Can'st not "keep time," forsooth!
Nay, little one, he runneth fast,
As fleetly by thy youth.

Keep time thou can'st not—yet observe
This easier lesson well:
Mark time thou may'st, and if thou dost,
A pleasant dream 'twill tell:

For thou hast in thy young heart stored
A wilderness of dreams
Which, if thou mark'st him Time will shower
Round thee in golden beams.

Each note thou ponder'st o'er but rings
The alarm of some hope
Which lieth hidden unto thee
In time's Kaleidoscope.

Then mark time well, and from thy brow
The shade of sadness fling,
And each unskillful note of thine
In time with joy shall ring.

From the New York Ladies' Companion.

The Captive Prince.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banished and barred."

(The Prisoner of Chillon.)

In one of the apartments of Windsor
Castle, remote from those occupied by the
royal family, sat James, the son and heir
of Robert III. King of Scotland. Books
of classic lore, and those containing the
productions of the most celebrated poets
of England and other countries were ar-
ranged on shelves, while a few favorite
volumes lay on a table on which he leaned.
He held a pen in his hand and a piece of
paper laid before him, on which were
traced a few poetical lines, but the free and
joyous song of the birds, borne on the
summer breeze through the grated win-
dows, by reminding him that he was a cap-
tive, smote upon his heart and banished
the bright dreams that fancy had sum-
moned up.

Having been made a prisoner by Henry
IV. at the age of eleven, while on his way
to France, whither his father had sent him
that he might escape the danger to which
he was exposed by the ambition of the
Duke of Albany, he was not only retained
in captivity the remainder of that King's
life, but during the whole reign of his suc-
cessor, Henry V. in order to prevent the
alliance of Scotland with France. Henry
IV. having had the generosity to bestow
on him an excellent education, and posses-
sing a taste for poetry and music which
he successfully cultivated, the young Prince
was enabled to beguile many an otherwise
weary hour; yet, with all these mental re-
sources were there times when the chains
of captivity galled him to the quick, and he
would have given worlds to have exchang-
ed his lot with that of the meanest peasant.

He rose and went to the window. The
prospect of the Thames and the surround-
ing country, dressed in its summer garb of
verdure and bloom, was beautiful, and there
were times when he could gaze on it with
the loving eyes and impassioned feelings of
the poet; but now his heart was far away
amid his native hills where in childhood he
used to rove at will, and his eyes grew dim
with tears. As he lingered at the window
to catch the coolness of the breeze on his
burning brow and throbbing temples, he
succeeded in gradually subduing his feel-
ings to that stern and determined com-
posure learned only in the school of adversity
and attained only by those who have the
power and will to submit uncomplainingly
to its iron discipline. The royal gardens
lay below, but owing to the iron bars that
crossed his window, that portion nearest
the buildings was concealed from his view,
and all at once he became conscious that a
soft female voice occasionally mingled its
melody with that of the wild bird's carol.

Notes of so much sweetness, he imagined,
could proceed only from the loveliest of
lips, he earnestly desired to obtain a view of
the songstress, as she continued in that
part of the garden which he was debarred
from beholding. At length, however, she
emerged to view, and approaching a large
rose-bush, commenced plucking some of the
half-blown flowers. The Prince had never
before beheld a face and form so perfectly
beautiful. It was at so early an hour that
she probably imagined there were no watch-
ful eyes to observe her, and her rich chest-
nut hair, unrestrained by golden bodkin or
jewelled braid, fell in long, glossy ringlets
over a neck of almost dazzling whiteness,
at every motion sweeping the dew from the
glittering leaves of the rose-bush as she bent
over it.

It is singular how the lineaments, the
voice, and peculiar air, even after having
been long lost, are sometimes revived in a
descendant. The features of this lovely
creature were almost the same as those
which have so long since been made fami-

lar by the portraits of Mary, Queen of
Scots. The rich, ripe lips, wore the same
expression of tenderness, the soft brilliant
eyes were shaded by the same long and sil-
ken lashes, and the outline of the exquisite
chin and throat melted so harmoniously into
that of the snowy neck. Gathering a few
other flowers valuable for their great per-
fume, she arranged the whole into a bouquet,
which, having tied with a band of silk floss,
she left that part of the garden and was
lost to the Prince's view. Reseating him-
self at the table and taking the pen, which
a few minutes before, he had abandoned, he
rapidly sketched one of those little songs
which have since been attributed to him un-
der the name of Scottish Melodies. He then
took a harp which sat in one corner of the
room, and soon adopted the lines to a simple
and beautiful air, with which he resolved
to greet the fair lady of the bouquet, should
she again appear alone in the garden. By
means of Sir Anthony Darley, his keeper,
he ascertained that her name was Johanna
Beaufort, and that she was of the blood
royal of England. He soon had the oppor-
tunity which he desired to try the effect of
his song, the words of which were so point-
ed, that she could not be at a loss to know
that she was the person addressed. The
Prince could even discern the deepening of
the rose-tint on her cheeks as she slowly
turned away, but the high grated windows
of his prison, sunk deeply into the heavy
walls, precluded her from obtaining even an
indistinct view of his person, which she
gladly would have done by stealth through
the flowery hedge behind which she retreat-
ed. She only knew that the minstrel was
Prince James of Scotland, whose fate had
frequently been the private theme of con-
versation among the ladies of the court.—
Strongly as she tempted the following
morning, to visit her favorite rose-bush, but
she resisted the inclination, although, while
she was gathering some roses far less beau-
tiful, which she could not obtain even a
glimpse of the prisoner's window, she
would hear him singing the same song to
which she had listened the morning prece-
ding.

Each day, by early dawn, did the Prince
repair to his window, in the hope to behold
her who had inspired him with such lively
sentiments of admiration and love. It was
his fate to be disappointed.

One day, near its close, when on her way
to the apartments of the Queen, Johanna
Beaufort encountered a minstrel, who, low-
ly bowing, requested her to inquire of her
grace, if she would listen to a few Scottish
songs. She conveyed the message, and
Catharine, who might find the English court
somewhat dull, in comparison with that of
her own country, ordered him to be admit-
ted. He was tall and finely formed, and
wore the plaid of his country with much
grace. As he entered, he lifted his bonnet
from his brow, which he carefully consign-
ed to the floor, displaying a profusion of
glossy raven curls. Having respectfully
greeted the Queen, he ran his fingers over
the strings of the harp by way of prelude,
and then in a clear manly voice commenced
his song. At the sound of his voice, Jo-
hanna Beaufort started, and to conceal her
agitation from the Queen, sunk back into
the recess of a window. As he sung, the
minstrel kept his eyes fastened on the floor.
Once only he ventured to raise them to the
face of the fair girl who stood opposite to
him, and then his voice faltered, and his
fingers roved over the harp-strings with an
unsteady and doubtful touch. It might have
been the reflection of the heavy crimson
curtains that shaded the window, but as she
turned from its gaze, a color broke over her
cheeks deep as the half-blown rose that nest-
led in the snowy folds of the handkerchief
that shaded her bosom.

"Sir Minstrel," said Queen Catharine gai-
ly, as he closed his song, 'thou art master of
thy art, and if Harry of Monmouth had not
already won me, and borne me from my
dear sunny France, I would refuse to listen
to his suit till he could win me with a lay
sweet as thine. Now sing us a somewhat
merrier ditty, and then we must dismiss
thee, for the long shades which begin to be
cast upon the floor, would remind me, did
not my heart do so, that the hour is at hand
for me to visit the young Prince.'

"Your Grace's command shall be obeyed,"
he replied, 'though I have little cause, and
still less heart for a merry song.'

"Ah," said Catharine, 'thou must go to
France, where the sons of Apollo find favor
as well as those of Mars.'

The minstrel was about to commence his
second song, when a stir was heard in the
passage. The door was thrown open, the
King announced, and the next moment Hen-
ry V. entered the apartment. At the first
intimation of the King's approach, the min-
strel had received permission from the
Queen to withdraw, and had sunk back into
the shadowy part of the room that he
might glide thence unnoticed, as soon as
the passage through the door should be un-
obstructed. He was in the act of execut-
ing his intention, when he caught the eye
of the King, who commanded him to re-
main. He obeyed, retreating still farther
into the gloom, Johanna Beaufort turned
pale, and without knowing what she did,
plucked the leaves from the beautiful rose
in her bosom, and then bent over the life-
less stem, as if the bloom and perfume still
remained.

"It is only a poor minstrel from Scot-
land," said the Queen, 'whom I suffer to
enter for mine and Mistress Beaufort's di-
vertisement.'

"It would better content me," replied the
King, 'to entertain one soldier, than a dozen
minstrels, and I would prefer to see a par-
cel' 'right active lads play a game at leap
frog, than to hear a song from each of the
dozen.'

'Ah, your majesty never heard this min-
strel. If you would only please order him
to sing, you would surely alter your mind.'
'Thy sweet voice, Kate, and the prattle
of the infant Prince, are music enough for
me. But I would not cross thy desire.
Stand forth, Sir Minstrel, where thou canst
catch a glance of light from yonder win-
dow, and sing us a soldier's song.'

He stepped forward with a reluctant and
embarrassed air, and commenced singing
with a fluttering voice. Gradually his em-
barrassment subsided, and as he finished,
with a look of majesty and grace of which
Henry himself might have been proud, he
turned to the King and requested leave to
withdraw. Henry waved his hand in token
of assent, and kept his eyes fixed upon him
till he had quitted the apartment. He sat a
few moments, apparently absorbed in
thought, and then abruptly addressing Jo-
hanna Beaufort, demanded if she knew the
minstrel's name.

"I never saw him till this evening, please
your majesty," she replied.

"I shrewdly suspect he is no more a wan-
dering minstrel, than the wandering Jew,
Alfred!" A lad in waiting stepped forward
a few paces.

"Go to the hall," said Henry, 'and if the
minstrel be there, say that I command that
he receive liberal entertainment, but that a
guard must be set over him for the present.'

Johanna Beaufort made a movement as if
she too, intended to leave the room soon
after the departure of the page.

"Nay, Mistress Beaufort," said Henry in
a playful yet decided tone, 'we shall not
permit thee to leave us at present. A
handsome lass should not be trusted in com-
pany with one of those minstrel boys, or
ten to one there will be some love passages
between them.'

Thus rebuked, with cheeks glowing with
mingled shame and indignation, she sunk
back again into the recess of the window.
Having, in truth, suspected that the min-
strel was no other than his royal prisoner,
for, although many years had passed since
he had seen him, the last and only time be-
ing long before his accession to the crown,
the grave and thoughtful, yet handsome
countenance of the captive Prince, made an
impression on his memory which the joy-
ful and reckless manner in which he spent
his time, had never the power to efface.
Though naturally of a frank and generous
disposition, the King seems to have been
actuated by a narrow and illiberal spirit
with regard to the Prince, for he refused
to liberate him after the alleged cause of
his capture no longer existed, Scotland
having already entered into an alliance with
France.

In a short time the page returned with
the information that the minstrel, before he
had descended to the hall, had departed, no
one could tell whither. However quiet and
composed Johanna Beaufort might be in her
general demeanor, at this intelligence, had
not the increased gloom prevented, a
marked change might have been seen to
pass over her countenance, and there was
certainly a slight excess of gaiety in her
manner—so thought Catharine—when di-
rectly afterwards she invited her to accom-
pany her to the apartment of the young
Prince. Henry immediately sent to assure
himself that Prince James was in his own
room, and then instead of visiting his in-
fant son, as was his custom at that hour,
he took opportunity to speak to Sir An-
thony Darley, relative to the prisoner, and
caution him to keep a strict eye upon his
movements.

Several evenings afterward, as Johanna
Beaufort was passing from the Queen's ap-
artment to her own, she was met by a per-
son whom she did not recognize by the
imperfect light, who in passing her slipped
a piece of paper into her hand. When she
arrived at her chamber she found it was a
note addressed to herself.

"If the benevolence of your heart has
led you to feel the least interest in the fate
of the unhappy Prince who is a prisoner
in the castle, repair at eleven o'clock to the
little wood, which skirts the royal gardens
on the east. Lady Hester Darley, wife of
the Prince's keeper, who will not betray
the confidence reposed in her, is willing to
accompany you, and will call at your ap-
partments for that purpose at the hour pro-
posed. Think of the eighteen years
which he has passed in captivity and exile,
and your heart will not permit you to re-
fuse."

Trembling with agitation, which had in
it more of pleasure than of pain, she seated
herself by the table, resolved to consider
the matter coolly and deliberately.—But
how could a young and lovely girl think
thus upon a subject which afforded such
scope for imagination, romance, and senti-
ment, when her love and pity were already
so warmly enlisted as regarded the Prince.
Every objection which presented itself to
her mind was overcome by those powerful
pleaders, and before the arrival of the spe-
cified hour, she had fully resolved on repair-
ing to the wood. Entwining a few rose-
buds which had been kept fresh in a vase
of water with her beautiful hair, she await-
ed the arrival of Lady Hester Darley.

Soon a light tap was heard at the door. It
was Lady Hester, and slipping on a shawl
silk cloak with a hood, which she drew
over her face, gave her hand to her con-
ductor, and they proceeded with hasty and
light footsteps along the corridor, at the
extremity of which Lady Hester unlocked
a door which admitted them to a more pri-
vate passage, and here not a solitary lamp
was burning to enlighten their way, nor
did they dare to take one lest it should
gleam through some crevice or flash through
some window or door. But they were too
familiar with the way to be bewildered,
and in a few minutes they found themselves
in the open air. Although the beams of
an unclouded moon lit up the heavens
with a brill